THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS, COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII, ROBERT BONNER, PROP. OF WILLIAM AND SPENCER STS. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872. TERMS, $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 1.

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LIVE AS YOU OUGHT TO LIVE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Live as you ought to live; not in seclusion,
Hiding yourself from your friend and your neighbor;
Shutting your doors against kindly intrusion,
Blinding your eyes to the evils around you;

Live as you ought to live; not, in devotion,
Scorning your children and slighting your kindred;
Only for self making generous provision,
Only for self having comfort indeed.

Live as you ought to live; keeping your brother
Ever in mind as a part of yourself;
It's the same tide's bestowed on each mother,
Its value the whole of your wealth may ex-

Live as you ought to live; this your endeavor,
Day by day, in the present; not wretchedly pity,
Nor dwelling on the memories forever,
The blue sea of the future to descry.

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;
OR,
Life on the Plains.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," "GIDEON GRAY," "THE CLUB-FOOT SEAL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A START FOR THE WEST.

Mark Heber returned home from his father's farm, after the funeral of the latter, with a most grievous sorrow upon his thoughts, and demanding a present solution.

His home was and had been from his earliest remembrance, upon a stony, worn-out farm of forty acres, situated upon the Seneca Lake, in Western New York. His father had belonged to the old type of farmers, extracting from the hard every ounce of substance possible, and returning to it the least expression of this treatment, the impoverished final yielded less and less each year, and finally, if Mr. Heber had become so heavily involved in debt, that some two weeks before his death the farm had been sold by foreclosure of mortgage, and the family had only been allowed to remain upon it until this date by the good nature of the purchaser.

"What was to be Mark to do?

His was a lad of nineteen, stout and bright in frame, but with the strength of a man in its sinewy grace, and the firmness of a oak in his legs. He was active, housewitted, brave as a lion, and a pedestrian. He had had the usual advantages of education afforded to farmers' sons, having been to school about one winter since his early childhood, until the past winter, when he had remained at home to help upon the farm, and working early and late for the support of the family. He understood farming, and he had long perceived that the old farmer need not be that of a mere tiller of the soil—that it might be ennobled and dignified to the rank of a profession. Certainly his own ambition pointed to something higher and better.

He returned home from his father's grave, as we have said, to the small, unpainted story and a half house, not half a mile distant from, and in full view of the lake. Here with the same brother's only brother, a well-to-do farmer, who resided in the same village, he met.

The season was late in the fall, and the weather was cold and raw. The little brown house looked stable and stuffed his hands into the pockets of his sough coat. He could not return to the dreadful home to meet the sad questioning of his wistful uncle, and he turned into the peach orchard, and waited to catch the glimpse of the red and white dwarf of colorous blossom, and his thoughts were as bitter as the winter sobs and the wind moaned.

He was in the midst of his anxious perplexity, when his cousin Gay, a boy of his own age, joined him.

This uncle, Mr. William Heber, was a man of some sixty years, rather pompous and self-important. He had a large family, and when he married as so many servants, it was not to be supposed that he could do less than retain their services, and keep to their side set forth into the world penniless, with the benevolent advice to "go upon their own resources and prosper." His soul was of the smallest pattern, and he never been known to do a generous deed, while he had done many mean ones.

He would be opposed, therefore, to Mark's aid, and look for any assistance from him.

"Well, Mark," said his cousin approaching him with a flushed face and anxious gaze, "I've sent my folks over to the house, and have a good talk with you. Morgan tells me he wants the farm. He has held of the two weeks while George was dying, but he wants to move in now, and I guess he has a right to do so."

The boy turned his troubled face upon his relative, his broad brow was knotted with lines of care; his bold blue eyes had a deeper shade than before; his lips quivered.

"I don't know, uncle," he said thoughtfully, "I am going to think about it."

"Have thought the matter over?" said Mr. Heber, with a sharp glance at his visage. "Let me see. You are surely unselfish enough to wish her to take you. Mark, and trust you as my own son. You shall have a home in my house, and a seat at my table. You are a strong, healthy lad, although only fifteen years, and your services will be valuable to me since my own boys are not old enough to help me. I offer you a good home, and you can earn it, and you shall have it. Those services in payment for it."

The boy's face cooled slightly.

"And what will you do for me when I shall come of age?" he asked.

"Why, nothing definitely as I do my own sons," replied Mr. Heber, "I will give you a good common suit and a silver watch."

"Yes [illegible] that I have to begin one to provide for besides myself," said Mark. "Suppose I were to accept this offer, what would you do for Gay?"

"He is no relation of yours, Mark. She's only a child of charity that your mother took home to bring feeding [illegible], whipped out of him. No wonder that your father got drove out of doors, and had to sell his farm to pay his debts. I'll not be responsible for a wife and she couldn't even do a thrashing without help. She filled her small window with flowers, and played the melodeon, and read books and newspapers, and was an dreadful refined and finished, that she was enough to drive a man to poverty, although I will say for her that she worked at farm work beyond her strength, and dropped off at last through being clean tired out. But what did your father want to marry an ambitious, weakly sort of girl for? And what does he leave you to support her for? Not a thing. I had hard calculations, I was there, Mr. Stacey—but Gay! A person has no right to be gay in this hard, wicked, sorrowful world."

The boy sighed.

"Poor little Gay is well named," he said, "although here is a hard lot. But mother did not name her for Gay Wood, Uncle. You remember how the child came by her name? Mother found her in the woods, and called her—"

"A tramp, you mean," interrupted Mr. Heber.

"She was an foot, and carried a baby in her arms," said Mark, "but she was nevertheless a lady. Her worn and ragged dress had been of rich material, and she wore jewelry under it. She was young and beautiful, golden haired and white, and there was a wild look in her eyes that told that her mind was not right. Mother said she would stay, and waited on her and fed her and dressed her child. The next day she did not go away, and mother had not the heart to send her away. She was ill, and grew weaker each day, and died in a few days. Mother called the little treasure—not worthless, as her self-willed husband said—the child Gay, and sometimes Gabrielle, which is Gay's own name. But she is no tramp, in any measure, nor anything concerning herself. Mother said it would be a work of charity to take the child to her own home, and keep her to the last. Late that night, when Gay was asleep, mother went to call the child to us—and there was Gay's regarded Gay as a sacred legacy. Even in her unconsciousness the lady could give no further mystery surrounding her. She was refined and educated, and we thought that she had wandered off from her home and husband in a fit of insanity. She had never mentioned parent or home and friends. So, you see, Gay is no tramp, Uncle Heber. She is—she was some strange mystery about her, and that mystery may yet darken Gay's life, or she may live to solve it."

"Not much danger of that," said Mr. Heber gruffly. "Her mother was a tramp, a little better than the common; but a crazy tramp, and the daughter will be the same, and worse. Nothing will come of her. Why, you don't mean to put that in a whole summer, and added to the child of a tramp and brought her up a lady?"

Mark colored.

"I cannot keep a word against my mother," he said, "but I will say that there was never a sweet a sister as little Gay. The child is four years younger than I am, Uncle Heber, and has lived in my thoughts as much as any of my own do for her."

"The child is of no more use than that dairy there," said Mr. Heber. "She can't care but a little for you, and considering that you have called upon to take her. She'll have to go to the poor-house, or be left to starve when she's most years old."

Mark's eyes flashed.

"She shall not go," he said. "You would send that dainty little lady—for she is one—to a poor-house, to be left to starve, to the mercies of the dissolute, the imbecile? For shame, Uncle William. Gay is under my protection, and she shall not be separated from me."

Mr. Heber laughed, but he looked vexed. His boy's simplicity and care for Gay annoyed and irritated him. Even if I had been inclined to accept your offer, Mark, which I am not, I cannot now do so."

"What will you do?"

"Why, simply pursue my purpose of, and I can sell a hundred and fifty dollars by the time I reach Chicago. I have brothers of that amount in due the doctor. Most of the rest will go the undertaker. I owe a pile of bones that we raised ourselves, and I broke and burned my own. I've got a few hundred dollars for them, and they are of the stock, and worth more than that."

"You hundred dollarsticks!" ejaculated Mr. Heber. "Why it be fool enough to pay two hundred dollars for a pair of two-year colts!"

"I was offered that for them in Geneva two weeks ago," explained Mark. "I am going to take them to the gentleman to-morrow, and tell him he can have them at that price. Then there's that yoke of steers. I mean to get a hundred and thirty dollars for them."

"I'll give you a hundred," interrupted Mr. Heber, with such eagerness, it was there steers, Mark. I've calculated on them. If you sell them to some one else, you may have to take paper on long time, but I'll give you cash."

"I'll take it," said Mark promptly. "I don't want any trouble and sale and purchasing. The horses and dragon and harness will bring me a hundred and fifty dollars, and the steers one hundred and fifty. Morgan can have the house next week."

"I'll take care of your money for you," said Mr. Heber. "You'll have over a thousand dollars, and it is awful easy for a boy of your age. There's no guardian appointed, and I'll take care of your money for you."

"I'll see my own affairs, Uncle William. I am old for my age, and can manage for myself and Gay. I thank you for your offer of property absolutely. It was his last advice to me to take Gay and go West, and settle on some of the rich western land. Father said that I could get a farm for a song, and that land in the west would be worth a fortune in time. A man has a chance to grow out West, Uncle Heber, and I am going. Uncle William,

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

Whitman. "Trains with less than twenty wagons are not allowed to pass beyond Fort Kearney, on account of the Indians, and will pay no delayed there to make up a train, there being but seven wagons in the train of Mark and Gay, which was quickly completed, and now all were ahead of the wagons are camped at Salt Creek, three miles from here, and you will want to drive on before night and camp with us, so that we can start at day-break—for then you desire to visit Independence."

"I see no ready by to-night," said Mark. "The sooner we start, the less I shall have to pay for hotel expenses, and I prefer to sit on the Platform."

"You will have to buy your cattle, if you have not already done so, for neither the Government nor contractor for your team and wagon, but there are other things to be got that are fully as necessary. I will assist you in buying, if you choose to avail yourself of my experience."

Mark gladly accepted the offer, and bought and paid for his team and wagon, showing conspicuously but a small portion of the funds in doing so. Then he went out into the street with his new friend, never again leaving his side.

The latter purchases were a good double-barrelled rifle, a pair of revolvers, and a couple of less horrible-looking pistol, which he intended to present to Gay.

"That's right," said Whitman approvingly, as Mark explained his purpose. "You ought always be with your sister, and you'll feel safer about her if she should attend herself in case of need. But has the girl got spunk enough to fire a pistol? I've known many who couldn't."

"I think so," answered Mark, smiling. "She is small and delicate, but as full of brave as a lion."

The next purchase of the young emigrant comprised a variety of miscellaneous articles; and the next was a fine, sturdy cow, to be led by the near friend, since upon her leg she could be ridden.

Mark's love for his adopted sister led him into one or two extravagances, at which Mr. Whitman grew by shrewd degrees. These extravagances consisted of a small armed rocking-chair, which was to be put in the wagon for Gay's comfort, and the canary-bird and cage which were expected to form a cheerful and lounge accompaniment.

Then, by Mr. Whitman's advice, Mark bought a barrel of crackers, a keg of pickles, a sack of meal, a barrel of sugar, a bag of coffee, a few pounds of saleratus, a supply of rice, a "kit" of salt mackerel, and a keg of other provisions.

He also bought seeds of various kinds, a few garden tools, and a small seeding machine, some boxes of white linseed, both plain and ornamental, and a few other articles, which, with the canary-cage, he directed to be made up by Gay into suits for himself and her.

These goods were all transferred to the great emigrant wagon, on the following morning. Buckets, baskets and cooking utensils were hung underneath the wagon. Matches and ammunition were packed under the driver's seat, and as an extra precaution a couple medicines were procured and stowed away in the wagon.

By the time these preparations were concluded it was five o'clock in the afternoon. The cows were in the wagon-train, and all were all that could be desired. Mark had not seen Gay since the morning, and chiefly turned his weary feet toward the Planters' Hotel, Mr. Whitman accompanying him.

As they entered along the hotel corridor, they met Gay coming out of her room, and suddenly burst into a merry laugh at the ludicrous image presented by her little cousin, both plain and ornamental. Mark was dressed in a suit of Mexican sombrero, with a broad sugar-loaf hat, and she came dancing out to meet him, all smiles and gayety.

"Oh, Mark!" she cried breathlessly. "Why didn't you come to me before? I was afraid something had happened to you. I was just beginning to think of going out to find you."

Mark put his arm around the child's slender waist, and kissed her fair face with a brother's fondness.

"I have been busy all day," he said. "Gay, this is a new friend of mine, Mr. Whitman. We are going up into Nebraska with him, and shall start in the morning. We have been at the hotel after supper, Mr. Whitman, this is my sister, Gay Bonner."

Gay made a bewitching little courtesy. Mr. Whitman smiled and bowed, and said that as he would have smiled upon a dainty kitten.

"You don't mean, Mr. Whitman," laughed Gay, "that you are going to take that delicate little creature out with you on the prairies? I am sure you'd better leave her at school. That's my advice."

"But I won't be left, sir," said Gay, a saucy light dancing in the blue eyes which she turned upon the gentleman, "and I'm sure I'll be a great deal better company than Mark, for he's more of the shock-headed boy than he's ever had been named, for he's got a most decided red head, which I can't get along without me. Girls and women are noted "red heads" as much as boys and men."

"It is my are," said Mr. Whitman admiringly, "and I won't say any more against your going with us, Miss Gay, for I think you'll be your brother, though you school boy like him."

Gay colored a little. She had been aware of the mystery that attached to her. In a small locality unschooled, like Bonnet, in which all her life must her first year had been passed, her infancy could not have escaped a breath from her, but gentle Mrs. Heber desired to so keep it. The school children had taunted her with being the child of a "crazy tramp," and Gay had resented the insult with blows. Her sensitive shame to avoid questions of her parentage had accepted the facts as such, and not to be answered over, and let her playfulness, sweetness, and goodness, had "lived down" the stigma that would otherwise have pursued her, even through her own in the democratic back country neighborhood where so much of her life had been spent.

Mr. Whitman saw it necessary to enlighten his new friend in regard to Gay's origin, and made some pleasant allusion to her mother's romance, and invited her to be seated.

"Did you go down to dinner to-day, Gay?" inquired Mark, drawing the light chair for her.

Certainly," answered the naive little creature, with a merry laugh. "I went with the group assembled, I went down to the dining-room, and I had a nice dinner, and I'm going down to supper with you, for I've ordered it. Mr. Whitman, have you any family?" she inquired, looking up with quiet gravity, as if to entertain the lonely good-natured guest.

"I have a wife and children," the man answered. Whitman. "They are out at the camp, three miles from here, and I expect to remain just here, we are all going out to the camp, you, Mark, better, and I."

Mr. Whitman's guest was presently seated, and Mark and Gay left the room to remain and share the meal with them.

After supper, the boy settled his hotel bill, and Mr. Whitman, who had insisted upon his pocket-book, that he had two hundred and fifty dollars with which to start his farm.

Mr. Whitman went out for a gray to re-turn to the camp, and Mark and Gay followed the lead of the latter, the former carrying the bag of valuables, and the two remaining half-an-hour on the prairie.

"If anything should happen to me at any time, Gay," he said gravely, "and you find you have not there will keep you from starvation until you can get something to do. Keep it carefully. I may have to borrow it for the purchase of seed some day, but you shall have it back again. A share of all my earnings shall be yours, and when I go to sale and profit, you shall share my gains."

Gay carefully secreted the roll of money upon her small person, remarking gravely:

"So, if my father should ever turn up, Mark—though, of course, he won't—he'll find me quite as heiress, for we are zero to get rich out here. I suppose, though, Mark, that when we left the old home, we left behind all chance of ever hearing from what I am. And perhaps it's better so, for I don't know why it is, but I have a presentiment that I shall die of him as a tall tall. Something in heart-disease, I've read of and while shirts with bosoms in, and per-haps eyes, certainly with a frill to it, but it is should turn up, and should prove to be it (may himself, or something of that sort), I should think of the old place: 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'"

Mark did not reply save by a fond look of love and pride, for he knew that Mr. Whitman was heard in the hall. The former gentleman had informed that a day was wasted, and the next morning at daybreak the camp would move.

Accordingly the baggage was packed in colored porters appeared, and proceeded to carry down the heavy wooden chests, which were loaded on the gray.

The hotel had a perch upon the red chest, in which were stored sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths, and a few other articles of work quilts. Mr. Whitman paid for all the gray, and Mark, at the order of the latter, mounted to the seat and drove up to the door, which was ranged up the rugged street.

"I wonder," said Gay, with an infectious laugh, and a droll look in her brown eyes, "if some day we shall see a new edition of the pictured here 'Governor Heber's of Nebraska' with a little girl perched on a red box, in front a picture of Franklin walking along a street of Philadelphia with a loaf under each arm, and a third loaf in his hand, which he munches as he walks? I should resent, have humble beginnings, they say."

"I think so," answered Mark, smiling. "I think we'll have to get along first."

"Mark, my brother," said Gay, "I don't believe I am the Seneca county boy who was dreamed for years of among the girls, I've grown ten years since we left home, Gay."

"I'm sure you have," said the mischievous pump," said sharp little Gay, "you'll soon be old enough to be married, and leave me alone in the wilderness."

Mr. Whitman laughed, and said:

"You are wide awake, Miss Gay, and no mistake. You'll be a match for some one, if Mark here is if you were his brother, instead of his sister. Mark, you remember the old proverb, 'Like unto like.'"

Gay put her hand to her little cropped head, and, with a merry laugh, replied:

"I think so, Mr. Whitman, but I don't like to wear it this way, and I think," she added, with a look of fun, "that Mark's head is not the most profitable or convenient place in which to display a mop of hair. Mark, you don't want to make so great a display as to tempt the red-skins."

With this sort of conversation the ride to the wagon-yard was finished, and as the gray Gay examined the big wagon, with loud exclamations of delight. Mr. Whitman had purchased it of a man who was going back to them. The cows were yoked and attached to the wagon, and Gay mounted and sat in the barrel behind the driver's seat. Mark and Mr. Whitman walked on his bridle, that the boy, dismissing his whip, drove train-master, and the train moved on.

And then, with a proud thrill at his heart, at the head of his wagon-train, and of the life he was embarked for the voyage, and the land and sea of what dangers he knew not, Mark started.

The emigrants drove out of the city upon the camp-ground, the sun shining upon their way. The long clear twilight fell as they trampled upon, and the cool night-dews and seeded the prairie with its silvery light before the gray camp-fires were lighted.

The camp was arranged in proper shape, the wagons forming a circle, and the cattle in a circle—inside the former. A host of men were running upon the rear of another—and the women, children, and servants were gathered into the circle then protected.

This precaution was necessary, for Indian, was of course unnecessary here; but the season of the year, and the fact that it was the first of order and method, and insisted on beginning as he meant to continue.

Besides the circle of wagons, a guard of men was established, and a watch was to be served in rotation, each one taking his turn, as Shakespeare, of the witches in Macbeth. But the men, women and children were in high spirits and content in their free gipsy life, and Gay shouted at the first morning, "Hurrah!"

As Mark's wagon drove up and came to a halt, the emigrants thronged around it with great curiosity. Mr. Whitman sprang to the ground, and assisted Gay to do the same, and then the latter was surrounded by a crowd of women and children, who were all eagerness to see the new-comers.

Mark was a great deal of bashfulness in Gay's nature, as she was rather shy of strangers, and decidedly unamused, and she acknowledged the introduction to Mrs. Whitman with a graceful little courtesy, and smiled on the children who were all about her, and soon won that she was their devoted friend-ship at once.

The conductor of the train, a jolly, fat man, came forward and welcomed the new-comers. He was a man of experience in the trade, and made the journey many times, and knew every inch of the way, but this was the first he had ever had with him, and Mark introduced him-self, and was received with a hearty shake of the hand from what place he had come.

"Well, I'm from Bonnet, Indiana, one of the back counties," said Mark, smiling, and looking back proudly, and stored his luggage in his wagon, "and I'm going to Nebraska with my respectively Bixley, Amory, Hopkins, Arnold, Bowen, and Brown, whose names I have put upon a mushroom in the forest some fine day when we have grown a little more settled. I'm a farmer a strong-minded fairy, in fact, as fairies go."

"Then you are not a fairy," said one of the children, who was very much interested in the conversation, "for fairies are not strong-minded."

"Why, what are they, then?" asked Mark, with a look of mock surprise.

"They are soft and pretty, and have wings, and live in the moonlight, and dance on the grass, and—and—" the child hesitated, and looked at her mother, who smiled and said:

"And they are the sort of fairies you read about in books, my child."

"Pshaw," said the courier, "I cannot stop. I've got to see after my cattle and my wagons. The son of the King of all the fairies is now in the camp, and I must look after him."

"Well," said the courier, "as you have given me the first information, I will not expose you among the rest. We have heard at Bonnet that the Fairy Queen was dead."

"Well, sir," said the king, "it is not for me to say just yet. But I will say this much—that her son is not dead, for he is not, but don't you tell."

"I hear your pardon, sir," said the messenger, "My secret is safe with me, I promise. All I have to say is, that a king who has one daughter celebrated all over the world for beauty, another whose wit and merriment are proverbial, and a third who is said to be the most accomplished young lady in the country, must be a very happy man."

"I have wonderful news," he cried, "very wonderful news. The son of the King of all the fairies is coming here to marry one of your."

"Which one?" screamed the fairy girls in chorus.

"I don't know," said the fairy pops.

"How provoking!" said Rose.

"What a bother!" said Daisy.

"Bless me!" said the Prince's daughter.

"Why didn't he ask which?"

"Well, really," said the King, "he don't know himself. He's coming to choose."

"Impudence!" cried the fairy maidens. But presently they recovered from their wrath, and Rose ran away to find butterflies' wings to make a dress, and a big fly and Daisy went to tell all her cunning pranks in her own little world of the woods. And Angelina had to wash to practice on the harp, and said, over and over again to herself, that the Prince's choice was certain to be the most intellectual.

Meanwhile Nobody sat down under a tree to sit.

"It is certain," she said, "that this young Prince will not choose me. If he wants beauty, there is Rose; sprightliness, there is Daisy; accomplishments, there is Angelina. Now I had better put all question of advice myself aside, and see to those things no one else ever remembers, the castle and the garden."

Then she went out and called to her the little fairies who never served the fairy King's family—he was by no means a rich King, you must understand—and consulted with him.

The rat was that he went out with his bow and arrow, and rat and like, to catch rabbits for the dinner of the day, and the little fairies, Lightfoot and Longtail, got some pond lilies for table decorations, and the bee was sent to the garden to get honey, and the mouse to sleep in, made a little bed of thistle-down, and the fairy Nobody went to the harp to prepay leaf for a counterpane.

Then the Prince was all arranged, she went into the kitchen and roasted her husband's cake in a turn, and fried fish and brown, and made her little loaves of pollen and honey-dew, and served the fairy King's table, but putting on a violet-leaf plaintare that she might look her best.

Then she sat beneath the tree in all the light and waited. She had not long to wait, for the Prince and his train soon came ringing into the court-yard, and to hear the bugle-announcement, and to see all the fairies come off as the Prince stepped out.

"Where is Nobody?" said the Prince's servant from head to foot in purple and diamonds. "Let her come forward to receive her lord," he cried, said, oh, how him his eyes were!

"Here I am, sir," said Nobody to herself, "some fine young commonish sort of a prince, who will choose Rose, or Daisy, or Angelina, or perhaps, such a person is she, Nobody." And she came forward and curtsied to the ground.

The Prince walked into the castle reception-room, his first thing was to look for Rose in her robe of butterflies' wings. She was not there, nor Daisy, nor Angelina, nor Nobody.

"She certainly is the most beautiful creature I ever saw," he said to the King, who stood behind him.

"Who is she?" asked the King.

Then they walked on into the castle, and at the door met Nobody.

"How charming every thing is! How it all glitters and flashes! Your majesty must have been polishing things on, and taking a great deal of pains to make them look pretty, my pet."

"Well," said the King, "that is Nobody, I think. She is the cook, and a good one, but beautiful, for as witty, nor as talented as her sisters. Shall I call her, and let you talk to her?"

"Then before the Prince could speak, there she was before him.

So, how she laughed and talked that day! Rose and Daisy were nothing to her.

"What a fortunate person you are," he said, "to have such a beautiful and talented daughter. this one is the most fascinating I ever met. Nobody, I love you."

"He'll choose me," said Sunbeam to herself, and she was right.

"This is to be your apartment," said the King to the Prince, leading him into a room.

"Beloved! what a delightful room!" said the Prince, looking at the walls of rose-leaves and the floor of violets, and the bed of carnations, these soapy-flower pillows, this rich-ness of lily-of-the-valley curtains, and this delicate sheet in all!"

"Yes, sir," said the King, "my little Nobody really has nothing else to do, so she makes it pretty."

"Mark!" cried the Prince. "What music!"

"It is the fairy Nobody playing on the harp," said the King. "She is a wonderful player."

"I adore her!" said the Prince. "I adore her!"

And from that moment until dinner time the Prince sat at the feet of his fair love of Eagleton, and listened to her playing and her singing.

I knew that tuteliest would triumph," said the King to himself, as he left the room, "and I'm a good fairy King's daughter shall be the Queen of the Prince's heart and kingdom."

At last, however, dinner was announced by the fairy Nobody herself, and the Prince led to the mushroom table, covered with waterlilies, and the King sat down at the head. First came the soup, then the cold-fish, then the roast-game, and then the sweets and the fruits.

"Splendid!" said the Prince, as he tasted the soup. "Delicious!" he cried as he tried the cold-fish; but when it came to the hunting-game, "Oh, Nobody! Nobody! you're a genius! My dear fellow, I congratulate you on having such a cook. Nobody, I adore you."

"Well, your Highness," said the King, "my business are not here, and to tell the truth, I'm glad to get back to my fairy-kingdom."

"Pa needn't have exposed that," whispered Sunbeam to herself. "He might have let me be quietly a little."

"Well, I suppose we cook a dinner like this?" cried the Prince; "let me see her."

"Here I am, your royal company, your Highness," said the King.

"Why, it's Nobody!" cried the Prince.

"Good gracious!" said the Princess.

"Well, I'm better by a long shot than that thin to play upon the harp like Princess Angelina," said Nobody.

"Never thought of such a thing," said Nobody.

"Why, you can also make a palace or fine, neat to sprightlier than Princess Sunbeam," said Nobody.

"Good gracious!" said the Princess.

"And I'm better by a long shot than that thin to play upon the harp like Princess Angelina," said Nobody.

"Never thought of such a thing," said Nobody.

"Why, you can also make a palace or fine, neat to sprightlier than Princess Sunbeam," said Nobody.

"O dear! what an astonishing thing!" cried the Princess Nobody.

So the end of it all was, that in a day or two all the fairies came to the King's castle, and there was a wedding. And little Nobody, all in white, with a wreath of pearls and diamonds, stood near the son of the King of all the fairies, and the three others, standing a pace or two behind.

He was a wonderful young fellow, for his head, the source way is always through his heart.

Whereupon they went into the castle again to wait for other princes.

WIT AND HUMOR.

If you want to make that bird fly, why don't you break it loose?" said the visitor, to poor Jenkins to Deacon Loftus. "Are you a member of the church?" asked the deacon, in a solemn, anything fly by breaking its wings?" "When I was in the service," responded the Corporal, "we always thought the surest way to make an army fly was to break both its wings."

"Why, my dear, you look quite unwell; a short-ening, fit," said Judkins to his wife, who was trying to make a pie-crust. "Oh, no, dear," she replied, "I am not at all short-ened." "Then what is the matter?" "Why, I have a cold, and my head aches so," "Ah, I see, you've been a-head-ing for a long time, and now you've begun to have it."

"Is a stone dog any use?" asked a wife of her husband, when she suspected of being stingy, but he was quick to take advantage. "Well, my darling, I can't tell, 'cause, you see, I've never had a stone dog, but I should suppose he was different figure, and I don't know which to believe."

A MARYLAND widow, living on the Eastern shore, so worked upon the feelings of a young man by threatening to marry him, that he forthwith swore on his prosperity to her and enlisted in the army as a common talent, where he has since died.

As a stout old lady got out of a crowded omnibus in front of the Astor House the other day, she exclaimed, "Well, that's a relief, any how!" "Yes, ma'am," said a man of portly proportions, replied, "So the oasis thinks, mum."

"Where have you been, my son?" to the Rector street the other morning was asked if he had a good time at the party. "Yes, mother, I had a very good time, but the watchman on the old case was quarrelling," and father knocked me down.

To test the understanding of a little boy who was a witness in a case, he was asked what was a common talent, when he replied "A man under policemen of them," answered the innocent boy.

A SERIOUSLY of much experience says he has found a remedy for the toothache. After listing for a man to let his doctor either cut or be cut, he has found it a perfect cure.

A DEFENDER of the ring the next week in your issues! It's the word after cheese. What is the difference between a fly and a flea? One has a spot and the other has not.

The ladies may reclaim as much as they please about the equality of the sexes, but one sex is one sex, and the other is the other one, and never can be confounded.

"I WANT a *Young Man's Companion*," said a sprucely dressed dame to a book-seller. "Here's the bookseller, picking up a volume, "here's a splendid one."

A SLANDEROUS INVENTION.—At a recent Philadelphia fair, a lady exhibited a pair of pantaloons, which she had made from a newspaper-ation of news.

A GENTLEMAN says men prefer blue-eyed maidens, and others prefer dickeyed ones. But of late years they have taken to wearing false eyes of either.

A CAPTAIN in one of our public schools thinks that honour and the red are far about the same thing, for they both spell with a "u."

A MAN struck a match, but the match did not strike him. He then struck a light, and addressed a meeting; but how could he succeed with such a light?

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A GOOD-NATURED man prefer blue-eyed maidens, and others prefer dickeyed ones. But of late years they have taken to wearing false eyes of either.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

A NEW safe has been invented which makes its owner the opposite to a miser. It is so constructed that the moment a burglar attempts to open it the safe will ignite the powder in the burglar's pocket, and blow him to the air, and leave the contents of the safe undisturbed.

A GOOD story is told of a young lawyer in Wisconsin, who, on his first appearance in the Assembly of last week, with which to break the ice, he began by saying that he was a little fellow, with little three-pound daughter came running up to him in the street, and said, "Papa, I've swallowed a needle, and I want you to take it out."

FOUR boys, the youngest nine and the oldest fifteen years of age, were drowned in Lake Erie through the bursting of the Assumet river, near Cleveland, Ohio, on the afternoon of the 4th inst. They had come over on the ice from Fairhaven, and were returning when the ice broke away, and they were carried out into the lake.

AS a little boy named Charles Crane, of Malone, Ohio, was playing in the street with other children, when crossing a bridge he was playfully thrown into the water by one of his companions. As the bridge is the toll-house, a distance of fifteen feet, the boy was drowned before he could be rescued.

A SCIENTIST being imprisoned in a jail in Scotland, succeeded in escaping by the use of a stone, whereupon he built a fire against it, and when it was sufficiently heated he poured on it a quantity of vinegar, which caused the stone to crack, and enabled him to escape.

A YOUNG man in Pennsylvania asked a girl if she would consent to bring in the coal. She refused one evening last week, and on her agreeing to do so the next evening he refused to allow her to do it. Such is the perversity of human nature.

A PROSPECTOR citizen of Derby, Vt., was walking along the railroad track during a heavy gale of wind, and as he was standing for outside the track a freight train came along and blew him down the embankment. He was not injured in the fall, and came near causing his death.

A CONTEST of Oregon lately went seven days and seven nights, and was finally decided by a vote, and died on the eighth. Resolutions.

IN Massachusetts every town-house must and every wife was at eight o'clock for seven cents a day.

A TOBACCO chewer was recently fined six dollars in Taunton, for spitting on a church carpet.

The British Museum has gotten anvil which is to be chained belonged to one of the Pharaohs.

WINTER SONG OF THE SOUL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

We miss the sweet music of fountains;
We miss the glad song of the flowers
That breathed from the far-away mountains
Upon the green bosom of the hours.
The minstrel, we miss the sweet greeting
Of feathered companions in bowers.
Ah, why hast thou fettered the leaving
Of brooks by thy terrible hand?

But short is the time of the chaining:
But short is the chill on the earth;
Soon will the bright waters be flowing,
Soon will the flowers have birth.
So, Winter to us is rejoicing,
Then be for a little while cruel!
Some season in mastery's for dying,
But no one was made for the soul.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "SHE-MAID," "THE MISSING BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

SAMSON AND DELILAH.

Tolerant of what he half disdained,
And she, knowing that she was but half beloved,
Seem to break her arm with graver fire.
Yet each, in all disguises, found the other,
Until death set all masks and shows
With such a fixed decorum, that the veil seem'd
Unto the veiled, the truth.—Philip Van Artevelde.

"Patience," said she, with a sigh.

As soon as the sitting was ended alone in the drawing-room with the aged clergyman, she began wearing her mask as successfully as did the beautiful enchantress Vivien behind the magic Merlin.

Throwing her bewildering dark eyes up to him, she inquired anxiously:

"Do you consider my case to this family? Oh, consider! I am so young, so friendless, so helpless, so dependent! And my husband is dead! By his breath, as he gazed with inconceivable admiration on her fair face, Vivien's husband lay cold. "I have already told you, wretched child, that I cannot forbear to impose you so long as you should condemn yourself with such reproaches as you have used to me. You do not trust me, Ah, you do not see how I am compelled to comply with a certain decision that has been made as awful and enduring as the laws of the Medes and Persians!

"I am aware that from the nature of my office I am debarred from the consolations and sacredly secret privileges of the confessional. Oh! can you not guess at this?" she asked pathetically.

And Archy Grimm was a very specious and plausible one, and it made an impression.

"I think I can," said the new fanatical practitioner that followed so fast upon your false prophet. "I think I can guess at it. But you will see that your sentence is not quite so harsh and alarming some too late. What can be your long friend to be sadly repented of?"

"Alas! alas!" she echoed, with a profound sigh. "Consider the many years I passed in communion—alas! I! If I am permitted to stay here, I shall, by the honest allies of these heroes, witness hopes of resurrection. The old lady will die, Archy, and you will be free. Old Mr. Grimm will survive her, and you and Miss Grace will grow up and marry. And in all the changes of future years I shall remain here without change, and without hope except in the blessed dead. And you will see that the prospect is, it is the best that I can expect, that I shall be left here to the end of time, to be a witness to the wrongs of the world—a witness that troubled the old man's heart.

"I feel for you, child; and I am very sorry for your blighted young life. Poor child! I wish you could be happy again; but human joys are to you!" he said very gently.

And the benignly compassionated what her bewildering charm had made him for a moment forget—that she was a young woman, a girl had been actually on the point of making love to her, and that she was a girl who deigned to put on and to use the foolish expedient.

"Oh, sir, you are good!" he said slowly.

"No one, perhaps you could not," he added, with a sigh.

And, oh, he seemed one so hard, so hard, and so cold, and so unfeeling!

"Could you not be satisfied that I could you not have left the house?"

"Ah, not I had the power to go to. I had no other alternative in the school."

"Still you must have engaged your self to marry Charles Cavendish, for you must have known that he was the only person in the house who would ever have thought of taking you as his wife."

"Oh, I know it. And I know it then. And I was unhappy enough about it. But, oh, what could I do? I was dependent on him for my bread, and I could not, I could not gnaw from the hand that fed me. I could not refuse to go to! And besides, I thought I was in love with him. I thought so of my self. I would never have risked the terrible sin that I should have died of humiliation in the telling. I would never have told it! *Could I?*"

"I suppose you had not the courage to do so."

"No, indeed I had not. Yet very often I told him, in my heart, that I was not worthy or worthy of him. But he never would believe me."

"Oh, I see! it was!" she answered hypocritically. "It was such a severe reproach that, knowing it to be unfounded, you chose to bite contract prayer and consented to become his wife, rather than to confess the truth and risk breaking the engagement. Is that it? It was very wrong to make such an engagement. I would be still greater wrong to keep it. Does you agree with me?"

Yes, most certainly."

"Well, while I was seeking some excuse to break off the marriage, death stepped in and ran an end to it. Perhaps then I ought to have left the house, but I was so young, so poor, so friendless, and I had no money, and Charles Cavendish was very kind to me, and I was afraid to go out into the world alone. But, oh, dear me!" she added, sighing deeply.

"I can very well blame you for that. But," said the old man gravely and sadly, shaking his head, "I cannot forgive you for here, and you turn deaf ear and you."

"Oh, my, oh, dear me," sobbed the sprite. "It was a sin of ignorance and not of malice. It finished discovery so much. Every circumstance against me. Your arrival and your long mysterious conversation with Charles Cavendish. Your unaccountable interest in and regard for this house, which, surely, dreary, joyless as it is, was to me, which the only home I had on earth. I had penniless and helpless; and but for this kind family I should be homeless and friendless. Friend! if I had been cast out upon the world, what would have been my fate?"

"What, indeed?" echoed the old man.

"Oh, sir, you see that I was not to blame. I dreaded discovery, your visit filled me with uneasiness, that, as the day wore away, reached intense anxiety, and finally arose to insupportable anguish and suspense. Then I went to listen at the door, only to hear whether your conversation concerned me—whether I was still to be left in peace, or to be cast out upon the bitter cold world. Ah, do not blame me too much! Just think how I suffered!" she said pathetically, clasping her hands.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave—"

"You see that you were to blame!" then murmured the old man to himself. Then aloud:

"Poor girl! you were entangled in the web of your own contriving. Yet still, when I brought you to that net, why did you deny your identity, and try to make me believe that you were a widowed lady?"

"Oh, sir! the same sin of helplessness and dependence. I was afraid that, in your sense of compassion, the same horror of being cast forth from this party, and, perhaps, from the whole neighborhood, would overtake me. I feared, if you found out who I was, you would expose me, and I should be cast adrift. And then it all came so suddenly I had no time for reflection. The instinct of self-preservation made me deny my identity before I considered what a falsehood I uttered. Ah, have you no pity for me, in considering the straits to which I was reduced?" she pleaded, clasping her hands before him, and raising her eyes to his face.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," murmured the minister to himself, with a sigh.

"Yes, I do pity you very much. I pity you for your sins and sufferings. But you must see all. I pity you for the moral and spiritual darkness in which you seem to have been so unconscious, for its conscious."

"I do not understand you," murmured Mary Grey, in a low, frightened tone.

"Then I will explain myself more. Well, I have pitied you. And now I have pitied your youth as an orphan, and your beauty. Ah, so you can see that I am frail! I am a man, and is old enough *to be* old enough *to know better*. And I pitied you for your friendlessness and spiritually blind, you would see this, and, in your gratitude for my compassion—that is, your interests—as a just cause for your deception, you would have consulted with Governor Cavendish, and for your exposure would have left the house. But, alas! my misgivings have been realized. You have been as truly positive as you have been sinful, and the necessity for true repentance, for the grievous and abominable sin of deception has not been mentally and spiritually blind, you would have seen that, in the circumstances, it was that it may be my duty to discover you to the family. Ah, child! child! I am sorry for you. I fear that, if you should be turned out here, you might, probably would, fall into evil ways. Therefore I will not expose you—for the present, and upon conditions. You are safe from me as long as you continue true, honest and faithful to this household. But, if you should ever be false to it, I shall be bound to expose you. I shall immediately send to Madam Cavendish. Now, you see, you had better retire. Good-night."

And with these words the old man walked to the door, opened it for the young woman to go hand, and gave it to the widow.

Mary Grey courtesied and walked his hand, courtesied and withdrew.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" she wrote, she threw herself on the bed and sobbed softly, tearmuting:

"The old Pharisee! He is more than half in love with me now. I know it, and I feel it. He is more than half in love with me now. And he tends to lecture me, and tries to persuade himself that he should not be to blame if he lives with me before I have given him his right to do so. Oh, what a fool I am! Oh, what a fool I am!" she wrote, and she tossed and turned, and she rolled and tumbled on the bed, and she wetted the pillow with tears, and she wrung her hands, and she tore her hair.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" she wrote, and she threw herself upon her knees, and prayed:

"Lord, help me! Lord, help me! Lord, help me!"

CHAPTER LXXIV.

LAURA LITTLEPAGE'S MYSTERIOUS BENEFACTOR.

There never was a closer friendship between two girls than that which bound Laura Littlepage and Emma Cavendish together.

On the night of Laura's return after they had retired from the drawing-room, and Electra had gone to bed alone, the two young ladies and Emma met by together at Laura's door and entered her room, where they sat down before the fire to converse.

Laura was her crimson merino morning dress, and Emma in a white cashmere trimmed with fur, and a white cashmere, and folded back upon her cuffs and collar. And in this dark dress her radiant beauty seemed more like a fair star.

They rapped at Electra's door to bring her down.

She made her appearance looking quite dazzling. Electra had a gay taste in dress. She loved bright colors, and many of them. She wore a purple morning dress with a gold band about border—a dress for a portly old lady, but which was for a girl a sprite in her slender form.

Laura and her cousins were nursing their feet on the fender, when Electra entered the room.

Mrs. Grey greeted them with a sweet smile and a courtesy, which Dr. Jones saw with a kindly good-morning and hand shake.

And they sat down to talk.

This Easter Sunday had dawned clearly and beautifully. It was a time of joy in the world, all going to attend divine services at Woodcliff.

But before breakfast was over, the rain rigs was ordered, and the young ladies went to their rooms to dress.

At nine o'clock the whole party set out. Secondly, you have heard that Miss Grace Carew went in the old family coach, carefully driven by Peter Dare. Mr. Grey went in a buggy driven by the Rev. Dr. Jones.

Miss Grace Carew sat in the *tête-à-tête* seat, facing the aged clergyman and his venerable visitor.

Mr. Grey went in a buggy driven by the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Goodwin, and the meeting house in the village, where he preached the sermon.

The services of the services, when the congregation were leaving, Mr. Craven Kyle came to Mrs. Grey and invited her to dine with him.

Miss Cavendish introduced him to Dr. Jones, who replied that he had been a friend of her father, and was once an inmate of Ben Cliff Hall.

Dr. Jones received the young man with kindly courtesy, but he was somewhat cold to Mrs. Grey.

Then Emma Cavendish invited him to go home with them to dinner.

And with these words the old man walked to a distance from the rest and spoke to his friend, and gave it to the widow.

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With a smile and a bow, and with a warm shake of the hand from Dr. Jones, he walked off, mounted, and rode away.

Mary Grey watched him, watched his hand, mounted and withdrew.

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"Oh, what a fool I am!" she wrote, she threw herself upon the bed, and she sobbed softly, tearmuting:

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They rapped at Electra's door to bring her down.

She made her appearance looking quite dazzling. Electra had a gay taste in dress. She loved bright colors, and many of them. She wore a purple morning dress with a gold band about border—a dress for a portly old lady, but which was for a girl a sprite in her slender form.

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And they sat down to talk.

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Miss Cavendish introduced him to Dr. Jones, who replied that he had been a friend of her father, and was once an inmate of Ben Cliff Hall.

Dr. Jones received the young man with kindly courtesy, but he was somewhat cold to Mrs. Grey.

Then Emma Cavendish invited him to go home with them to dinner.

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She made her appearance looking quite dazzling. Electra had a gay taste in dress. She loved bright colors, and many of them. She wore a purple morning dress with a gold band about border—a dress for a portly old lady, but which was for a girl a sprite in her slender form.

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"The old

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1870.

—We always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the time, and for the time we intend it to run, so that it can be continued by renewal. We will not have paper subscriptions at most one week before the time expires.

—We CANNOT change the address of a subscriber unless he gives us his former as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER
FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1870.
THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.
The Best Without Regard to Cost.

We continue to conduct the LEDGER on our established rule, which is to procure and publish, without regard to money or price, the best original matter that can be had in the world.

All the old writers—their names are familiar to the whole reading public—who have written for us will continue to write for us. Other writers have engaged exclusively for the Ledger the very best and most popular of the rising authors.

Good as the Ledger has heretofore been, the editor declares that it will be better, if possible, in the future.

The many thanks a long experience enables us to select, and that money will procure, the best that will be constantly spread before the readers of the Ledger.

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Single copies, as per sample, three cents each. Subscribers who pay in advance for the year will receive the paper for that time. Those who pay for at least six months will be entitled to a copy for a corresponding length of time. Those who pay for a respective term, can afterwards add single copies at the same rate—namely, three cents for each paper sent one year. Canada subscribers will be charged twenty cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage on the paper. Any newsdealer can conveniently supply the Ledger to his customers. Any person can subscribe for the paper at many of the newsdealers' stores. Subscribers in all parts of the country in only twenty cents a year, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is delivered.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Strange Crimes—Increase of Personal Assaults.

It seems as if there had been an unusual number of crimes of an extraordinary character lately.

A young married woman in Brooklyn deliberately shot down her employer, for whom she had received several pistols.

A man in Grand street put a pistol ball through the head of his favorite dog.

In New Jersey a case has been on trial in which two daughters and the second wife of a rich old man were charged with conspiring to cause his death by burning him up in his own house. A hired man confessed that he was employed by one of the daughters to set the house on fire.

In England, a clergyman has been convicted of murdering his wife, toward whom his previous treatment had been remarkably kind. Physicians testified that he was insane, but the jury convicted him.

There has been a great increase of personal assaults, for the purpose of robbery. In Brooklyn, a well-known Professor of Music was knocked in the head with a slung-shot, and killed dead in the course of half a week, in one of the most respectable neighborhoods in that city, four persons were set upon, in the evening, by robbers; a few of them we shot through the arm, and another was badly injured with a slung-shot.

We apprehend that one cause of the increase of highway robberies is the increased protection of property in dwellings. Formerly it was easy to break into houses and obtain more or less property. Hence burglaries were very common. Now property cannot be secured and guarded. Ingress to them is rendered more difficult, and egress and escape are less certain than formerly, because more persons are provided with the means of protection, and disposed to use them in case of attack.

The cold weather plunged the habitual criminals. Starvation stares them in the face. They find it impossible to get employment. Of impunity, to live upon, and they resort to robbery.

Formerly highway robbery was punished with death, usually by the rope. Now it is by imprisonment for a few years, or by whipping, or some other way we should obtain a more efficient justice. There is nearly always with the accused of money which the Police Department costs, our public authorities should not be rendered more safe.

A few morning since, a man was attacked on the corner of Broadway and Twentieth street, by a robber, who was in the act of seizing his purse, when the latter turned to make his escape, leaving only their hats behind them.

Every man feels the danger of being out in the evening, and it is hoped he may become sensible as to be a source of anxiety to every family.

"Can't be Helped."

This is a phrase often enough on the lips of feeble folk. As they undertake and put their undertakings, they console themselves with this pitiable formula. It is the sum of their prose. It suggests a sort of fate outside themselves, inscrutable and irresistible, of which they are the victims. It clears them of responsibility, or it remedies the misfortune. A man is on the wrong track when he often says, "It can't be helped." Fire, "there is no remedy for spilled milk;" when it has been spilled; but there are a good many precautions against the spilling. A strong man takes the precautions; a weak man spills the milk, and then, with a look and tone of resignation, partly of himself, partly of the wreck, he says, "It can't be helped."

Excuse for Having a Poor Horse.

A *Hillsboro* correspondent of the *Associate Reformed Presbyterian*, speaking of the condition of Irish tenants under British legislation, says:

"Their laws were all so shaped as to keep their dependents poor. For instance, no tenant dare have a horse worth more than five pounds. If by care and attention he has animal, he must sell some at any time pass the legal limit. In the former case he is fined for having a horse above his means; in the latter, for having his interest, usually kept poor, worthless stock.

A poor horse is a poor thing; but it may be, sometimes, that a poor horse of your own may be of more service to you than a good one belonging to somebody else.

A Horse Drawing the Nations Upward.

One of our religious contemporaries recently inquired whether any man had ever been drawn upward by a horse—meaning, we suppose, to intimate that the Almighty, in creating the horse, and making the race so numerous, had only created so many agents of the Evil One, to draw men steadily downward.

There is a certain horse in this city. This horse carries his owner to ride every morning. This ride is seldom—scarcely ever—omitted. Sunshine or storm, clear skies or cloudy, frost or snow; whatever the weather may be, through summer's heat or winter's cold, as that there is not excessively slippery footing, whenever the owner is in the city, the ride takes place. On these short winter days, before the sun appears above the horizon, the horse and his rider may be seen afar out on the road through the Central Park.

What of it? A good deal of it.

The rider is an old man, if we reckon his age by years; yet he is hale, healthy, vigorous, full of animation, full of energy, full of hope and confidence as a youth.

And what is the secret of all this?

The horseback ride to the morning.

This early ride, and its health-giving influence, enable the rider to prosecute a great and unusual amount of mental labor. He is a very busy man—we suppose, the largest, or at least the most lucrative practice ever possessed by any member of the legal profession in the United States. As author of the Code of Procedure, and of the Penal Code, he is well extensively adopted elsewhere, and is well known throughout the civilized world.

But how about this horse drawing the rider upward?

It is just here, gentle reader, for years past, the distinguished gentleman of whom we speak has been engaged in framing a Criminal Code, which will soon be completed, and can be printed and published under the title of a Digest, or at least to diminish wars, and make the great principles of Christianity, the real essential part of Christianity, a practical and living reality in the every day life and action of the whole earth.

Every morning rides this great work would probably never have been written, and the several adoptions of this *International Code* would probably never have been made, to come, but its benign influence will begin to be felt as soon as it is published.

The name of the author is DAVID DUDLEY FIELD. Has not he done something worth while? Has not he done something to glorify his God? Will not many exclaim, in after years, Which of Field's works is he an equestrian one, and not on foot?

Horses Can Recover.

"Horses may recover," it is said. Horses is the name of the father who shot his son, a grand street, in this city, a few days ago. He was a very affectionate father. He doted on his son dearly. Such was the affection he bore seemed to be his favorite among all his children. Horses placed a pistol to his boy's head and blew out his brains. He own his self-control, and said, after shooting his son, was the way he came to do it. He had put the cup to his lips, and he could not spoil it of him.

And now it is : nd that HETHER may recover. No, he will not recover. Mismatches, mismatches, mismatches.

Weeks not mean that he may not get over his present attack of delirium tremens. We hope he may. But he will never be in full health, and sat and drink, and walk about.

But he will never be himself. He will never recover his happiness. It has gone forever—as that of his victim. He has destroyed his poor murdered boy. He has destroyed his own peace. He has wrought his lifelong misery. His self-reproaches will stare him in the face of that son. The youthful voice, the boyish laughter, the childish prattle, will never be hushed to the ear of his father's memory. He cannot recover.

What a warning! Here is a genetical temperament—a nervous organization—the most eloquent that ever fell from mortal lips.

A Warning to American Girls.

An American girl, the wife of a foreign gentleman, in this city, sleeps a year ago, and returned with him to Europe. She was but a few months afterward. It is now reported that, within a few days, the Court of Chancery of the Canton of Solcure set aside the marriage on the ground that it had been contracted in America, without the consent of the consuls of the nation to which the husband belonged, and without the publication. This, of course, leaves the wife without redress, as she is not in a position to reside in the country of her husband, where the marriage would be adjusted valid: but if the husband keeps himself out of the reach of the jurisdiction of our courts, they cannot help the injured wife.

It has repeatedly happened that American girls, who have accompanied their husbands to Europe and gone home with them, have found, on arriving there, that the marriage was not recognized by the laws of the country, and that their social formality existing in the United States, and which they supposed had not been complied with. It frequently happens that families in this country to be careful to have every formality observed, especially if they marry admirers from any of the continental countries of Europe.

With all her Heart.

The *Methodist Recorder*, in the following extract, gives heavy expression to a sentiment which we have always entertained :

"We have never had a deep said of one of the times wanting to be the recipient of the Methodist Recorder, but the ministerial reign were being entered up: "He did it with all his heart, and prospered."

The latter things with a hearty enthusiasm is the only thing that will succeed in this world of selfish indifference. It is so everywhere. The most ordinary affair is handled with a will, and the result is that spirit. Every carpenter wants those who employ him to "go in with all their heart," for then he does his work and gets their evidences of his approbation, and gives their evidences of his approbation, and gives their evidences of his approbation, and gives

CRADLE SONG.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Sleep, sleep, my darling, sleep;
Sleep, while the angels watch the fairies;
Sleep, slave, my darling,
Morn is far away;
Sleep, softly, my little Mar,
Sleep, while the shadows stay,
Till over the meadow
Broadens the light of day!

Slumber, my dear one,
While my sad heart and sorrow
Keep their pale vigils
Over thy cradle-bed;
Sleep, while slander's arrow
Cannot reach thee, my child,
While my sad heart and sorrow
Dream of hopes long dead!

Sleep, while thy fair head,
Shining in its golden meshes,
Through the opening darkness
Wins a ray of light;
Sleep, dear one, I dream of Summer
Deep in the shadows cool,
Over the mountain rim,
Herald the Morn from far.

FILIPPO, THE BANDIT;

OR, THE

Necromancer of Monte Gargano

By CARLOTTA KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF NO. 27."

CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER SUITOR.

To rightly comprehend the denouement which closed the last chapter, it will be necessary to retrace our way a little in our story, and relate what occurred at the palazzo as soon as the body of the Marchesa was lowered into the cemetery, beneath the church of Santi Agostini.

The penitent was the Marchesa that she servants should be speedily concluded, that had she not exercised the utmost caution, she would have left the church with indecent haste.

Three hours previous she would not have been thus pressed, perhaps, but just before she left the palazzo for the Cathedral, one of great moment reached her ears.

Her faithful messenger brought her word that Angelo Capello was nearing the city with his troops of cavalry, and that the young soldier they would crush Foggia and expect hospitable and courtly entertainment at the palazzo.

As may be expected, this intelligence threw the Marchesa into an agreement of wrathful perplexity, for she wished no witnesses to the scene which soon was to be enacted. And another matter of equal importance caused her to experience the keenest anxiety, which far from lessened, but probably increased.

She reflected that Angelo Capello was the accepted lover of Bianca, and his arrival at this inopportune moment would completely overturn her plans, regarding the Signorita.

She therefore resolved that her daughter should not see the knight, and that Angelo Capello and he should be spirited away from Foggia as soon as possible.

When she returned to the palazzo, therefore, she commanded her daughter's attendance, and lost no time in laying the subject which was uppermost in her mind.

"Bianca, my child," she began, already nearly death-stricken with grief. "Pray spare me pain. I am but weak and will, and I beseech you do not cause me this baleful subject to discuss."

"I shall think more it and force you to listen to me, mother," said the girl, with a look that plainly betokened a ready reply. "I am already borne with your caprices longer than my fondness demands, now I am prepared to confirm my commands. Do you hear me, Signorina?"

"Yes, Marchesa," the girl languidly replied, "but I cannot obey your commands. I will not. I cannot obey your commands."

"Bianca, you are mad!" "Your cavalier, the young Signor Capello, will, ere long come to claim you as his bride, and I am come now to tell you that he has found consolation in the smiles of another Signorita, fairer than the one he left behind him in the dell town of Foggia."

"It is a base, an unfounded slander!" cried the casually gentle girl, stung by the Marchesa's cruel words.

"How dare you, it is false?" noted her mother deeply. "Signorina! Bianca! you have been betrayed."

"I know it is false, because I have not yet had time to receive material tokens. I know that Angelo Capello is true to the love he swore to me, and because I have his promise of a fresh assurance of his devotion."

"Bianca!" the Marchesa suddenly, fearfully cried, as the Signorita had also begot the news which had so overcome her mother. "You have received no letter, no token, and love is blind."

"Nothing but a speaking miniature, and that a day or two ago."

"Who brought it to you?" the Marchesa demanded.

Bianca was silent. She could not, she dared not betray Filippo.

"The Marchesa speaks to you, Signorina."

"I cannot tell her, mother," the girl answered, with a look of pleading appeal in her eyes. "I have lately betrothed myself to a noble knight, whose loyalty and love I dare not be accused."

Bianca stood before her mother unmoved. She had endured so much that day that her senses seemed benumbed, and her mother's threats sounded in her ears like the harmless words of a passing stranger.

"To speak to think my words of little moment, Signorina," the Marchesa at length replied, "is to insult me. It is time I proceeded to carry them into execution."

Still Bianca stirred not, and her eyes remained fixed upon the ground.

"Out upon you, ungrateful girl! I give you, and that will be after you have listened to what I have about to say to you. Do you remember the story of Guiscon, King Lodovico's brother, and the treachery and rebellion which cost the lover into the vaults of Santi Agostini?"

Bianca bowed, quickly.

"I do," she said.

"Would you fancy such an abode for yourself?"

"I care not."

"You care not! Are you mad? Are you besotted, even with this love?"

Bianca looked up with a pale sick of life, and care not how soon I leave it."

"Is not that when you think of Count Capello?"

"Doubtless, Madame; but you force the hated Count continually upon my thoughts, and such companionship, such fancy, is unbearbent to me."

"I know of a companionship which is more dreadful, and you shall taste of its keenness, Signorina, if you do not at once accede to my commands. Your lover is in imminent danger of danger haunted her, and she almost feared to trust herself alone.

She therefore hastened to her chamber with Bianca and bade them, as soon as her daughter left her presence, dispatch a messenger to Castelli, and the latter presently appearing, the two concocted a plan which was put into immediate execution.

"Thank you for the suggestion, dear Marchesa," said Cesonia, "it is both effectual and worthy of your ready perception. Adrian Falerno is in Foggia, and I will summon him without delay."

Cesonia left the palazzo, and in an incredibly short time he returned with the aid of a physician.

The two lost no time in repairing to the Marchesa's apartments, and that lady having awaited their return with an impatience that during years fevery, they were welcomed with enthusiasm.

"We come hither in such haste, Marchesa, that I had no time to acquaint the physician with the nature of your daughter's malady, so that task remains to be fulfilled. I judged that you could best enlighten him regarding her illness."

"I fully understand you, Signora," Adrian Falerno replied. "But the casualties I conjecture. Do you wish the disease to be treated at any cost?"

"At any cost, save one," the Marchesa replied.

She beckoned the physician nearer her side, and asked several questions in a low tone of voice.

"Assuredly it is so, Marchesa," he said, after listening for some minutes. "Nothing can be more easily accomplished. Only discretion and secrecy are necessary. Will she take a draught?"

"In her chamber, where she will remain until she receives my permission to withdraw."

"You did well, Excellenza. A reported illness will do much to aid us in our plans. Let it immediately become known throughout the palazzo that the Signorita is ill, and that physicians have been summoned to minister to her."

"I have already thought of that," replied the Marchesa, "and such a report is already current in the gallery that a small procession of priests has left the palazzo."

Adrian Falerno looked fondly, and slowly approached the church, entered it, and slowly and solemnly ascended the broken which four of the party bore between them.

What followed was done secretly and with the greatest caution, and when the mimic coffin, brought them thither was accomplished, the priests left the church and returned to the palazzo.

Then the coffin was lowered into the vault beneath the church, and the procession took its way back to the palazzo as secretly and as silently as it had come.

The Marchesa was about returning to her daughter's room when a messenger arrived in haste, and having reluctantly absent, she hastened to the gallery to meet him.

"I am in my office to return to Santi Agostini," the man replied.

"Speak!" she replied, with scorn, surprise. "I judged that you remained with Count Capello."

"Because my attendance required is not a parting word with the Marchesa."

"Speak on, then, and quickly."

"Count Capello and his troops are within a few miles of the city, Excellenza, and he will be here in a few hours."

"How can it be prevented?"

"I do not think that any more potent even than the arts which this dread Necromancer commands."

The Marchesa started forward and grasping the speaker's arm, exclaimed:

"Speak, man, and quickly!"

Adrian of Falerno replied by but one word. "Poison!"

The Marchesa's hand fell from its hold upon the man's arm.

"Death has no power over him," she said.

"Then you cast him in the dell town of Foggia, you cast him where their deeds have low low, the Necromancer of Monte Gargano will not be powerless. Poison is one of the agencies he may summon the dead from the grave to administer. Let him but name the deed, and they may not refuse to obey him. The devil is his master, and he never fails to do his bidding. Let him but name the deed, and the dagger was sealed in blood!"

"Go on!"

"You know, Excellenza, that on a day the Necromancer of Monte Gargano is to have his revenge upon the Count Capello, and his sire. By their aid he will control many affairs which may not be otherwise accomplished. But at the expiration of that day, the Count Capello will be Lord One Hundred, the devil will claim his soul, the Necromancer will be powerless, and the Count's reward will be meted out to him."

The Marchesa made a moment's silence.

"Four years and a day?" she said, as if to herself. "It is hard to give, Signor, when that time will expire?"

"On the night from the present moment his power will be at an end; the devil will be his master, and the Necromancer will be powerless to further cause to fear the dreaded Necromancer of Monte Gargano."

"Four years and a day!" she said, as if to herself. "It is hard to give, Signor, when that time will expire?"

"Yes, Marchesa,

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

the other in dull wonder. At last her lips unclosed.

"Where am I?" she said. "What place is this, and who are you who look so like the dead?"

Do you not know me, Blanca?" asked the Marchese. "Do you not know your father, your daughter?"

"My father!" she repeated. "Is he not dead? and they not bury him in Santi Apostoli?"

"Blanca, my child, her mind hardly seems to be restored as yet," Gregory returned; she looked about her, and the memory of all that had occurred, she explained in a half tone.

"Is life a thing of the past for me also? Am I numbered with the dead, and are you like the shades of the departed?"

"No, my poor daughter," said the Marchese. "We have both been fatally dealt by. Death seemingly claimed us both, but, thanks to a providential interference, we are both saved. We will presently return among the living. This terrible place was assigned us for our temporary abode, that we might wake to no mortal agony; but take heart, dear one, we are both safe, and our present situation will possibly be continued only a brief time."

Blanca's eyes rested upon the other face bending above her. A lofty hall of beauty, half of recognition, lighted up her features.

"Are you not the Necromancer of Mont Gargano?" she asked.

"I am," he said.

"Then we are safe," she responded, and closing her eyes again, she seemed to give herself up to a blissful peace and security.

"You we are safe," the Marchese echoed; "safe from danger from the world above, both."

The Necromancer checked him, and finished the sentence from the evil which an hour ago scarce was as inscrutably to him as from Gregory. Are you able to rise and listen to what we may have to say to you?"

"Yes," she promptly replied. "I am quite myself again, and can listen to you and what ever you may have to say."

"It is well," he returned. "Daylight will soon be upon us, and tis to you we now look for our release."

"How?" she asked in surprise.

While you think we are here, Signorita" the Necromancer replied, "and while you can fancy made asunder this dreadful chamber home"

"I know not. Touching by your great knowledge and skill in things unknown, you covered the Marchese's designs and came hither to defend them."

You are right, Signorita; but there are those who suspect that we are not here at all. For instance, I cannot imagine how you escape from this place. We are close prisoners here. The only way of exit is through the opening above us, and that we cannot reach."

Blanca looked up fearfully at the movable slab in the ceiling, and shuddered.

The Necromancer continued:

"Even should we succeed in reaching it, our enemies would seize us, and our doom would be sealed."

"Then let us all die here together," said the maiden suddenly. Such an air of terror or anguish seemed to cheer our tormentors. We will baffle their malicious designs, and deprive them of their triumph by dying in silence, as though we had already passed away."

"But how can it be done, Master?" We are not about the ambushed assassins, who, by sounds from out the gloom yonder, and I fear our movements, are now on guard."

Quiet yourself, Signorita. They are friends, not foes, who are without. Our enemies, our imprisoners, are within the palace and Filippo, who has joined their ranks."

There always had been a mutual repugnance felt by the Signorita for fear gave place to an added hostility on finding that the man she could not but feel contempted, with her deceived friend."

And Vito," she said, smiling graciously upon the dwarf, "is he dead?"

"Vito no longer lives," said the Necromancer, a sarcastic bend upon his daughter's shortcomings. "Vito, Signorita, have lacked of the bold assistance you rendered the supposed bandit, while by your own account, not to interfere in such affairs, I yet rejoice that my honored guest has been saved."

Blanca blushed, yet she knew her father's words were true. Vito, the dwarf, seemed to be secretly obliged to her, and had even declared the land which rested upon her shoulder, and which she knew to be the Necromancer.

Is there no other way for us to escape?" she asked, their terrible situation again flashing upon her own mind.

"There is none, Signorita," the Necromancer replied.

"I, Master, am ready to die with Blanca's sons, and hold it before her so she might read its contents.

Every particle of color fled from her face as she did so. But its pages were blank, and covering her face with her hands, as though she would shut out everything from her sight, she cried:

"Oh, my father, turn against me! Will you not be merciful to the child, and not give up this villain whom I abhor?"

You misunderstand me, child the Necromancer quickly, as he saw that the Marchese and Filippo manifested no intention to move. "I am not at all rather suffer the horrors of a lingering death than perish by the hand of a foe. I only hesitate. This is my plan, Signorita, and I hope you will approve it. Should we succeed, as in the case of my servant, in making Marchese and Adrian of Palermo will shortly return to give you one more chance to wed. Prefend to accept the conditions named in this billet; go home to the palace, and trust to your ingenuity, as secretly to the shrine of San Pietro, Romani. In the chapel of that church where Father Ignazio will name, and bid them take you to the convent of the Sacred Heart, and I will there see with your future protector, and upon it. Cause the priests to remain behind the shrine to discover the secret, and conceal the secret staircase the raised stone will reveal. Perform the rehearsal as I have directed, until you come to a certain iron door. That door is fastened on the inside, and I will dispose its key. This key you must conceal in your hand, and when you reach the convent you will not discover it, and will then have a chance to flee us, but with it you can give us entire security.

"But can I appeal to monks in the Marchese's behalf, and they not betray me?"

Assuredly. When you have secured our escape, we will appeal to fate by watching over you. You need not fear the power of the Church, Signorita, for my escape is triumph, and unfortunately for you."

I will do as I bid me, Maestro," said Blanca. "I am strong enough of your power to be assured that I may safely return to the palace, and appear to be ignorant of the Marchese's presence, if I can be assured that you are free to act and protect me. Will the Marchese return alone?"

"If it be possible, Signorita, neither must be seen. Filippo must not know that you have been aware the trials which await you, and Signorita, I will be with you."

Supported by the assurance of your help, I am safe," returned the maiden.

The Marchese spoke.

"Will you not send word of Palermo?"

He had assist taken the Marchese's letter. The Necromancer now drew it forth.

The brow of the Necromancer darkened with a heavy frown.

He is now of whom every one should beware," he said. "If the Marchese has secured the Albanese, his power for mischief is greatly increased. He deals in death as other men do in the common affairs of life. He is a cold, cruel monster and the blood he has shed cries out. Many times have I thwarted his villainous schemes, and I trust that I may soon have a final reckoning with him."

Filippo responded with a hearty Amen.

"I also have an account to settle with Adrian of Palermo," he said. "If my fancy does not deceive me we shall soon have an opportunity of doing so."

A note of alarm was at this moment given by Tya Ignazia.

"There are footsteps above us," he said. "Darkness has overcome us all, Signorita."

His suspicion was correct. Not a moment was lost in replacing Blanca upon the bier. The lamp was again placed upon her breast, the veil arranged, and the stone replaced, and the opening above was again restored.

Then the Necromancer took his place beside the bier, and Filippo, who had seen the having been removed, in was a work of no difficulty to make an exit.

Standing below in the dark vault and looking up, the prisoners saw the figures of a second man bending over the opening, and among them the Necromancer recognized the clear form of Adrian of Palermo.

The two men were hurriedly together as he supposed to be the dead wrought, and in both his heart and in that of Filippo there raged a desire to take summary vengeance upon the fiend-like man.

Slowly Blanca, resting upon her humble couch, was drawn up from out her foul dungeon.

When she reached the ceiling the voice of Adrian was distinctly heard.

"Signorita Blanca," said, "have you read the Marchese's letter?"

"I have," she replied.

"Do you accept or refuse her offered mercy?"

"I believe my father may for me to escape the horrors of this place?"

"Have."

"Then I cannot refuse."

"You will be my wife?"

A wicked look of triumph accompanied the words. The opening was darkened for a moment by the face of Adrian, but he was closed entirely by the movable slab.

"She is safe," said the Marchese, leaving a sigh of relief.

The Necromancer replied:

Not safe until we also are at liberty. In the Marchese's letter he informs me that Adrian, we shall be in a reliable plight, for I have no doubt that he will soon be upon the scene."

"The Signora Inez Mazzelli has a blind friend," the Marchese began, but Filippo quickly explained:

"Pardon, Signore, I must not that women. You know her not. Her heart harbors plots and meanings over which the Signorita and the Marchese has conversed. Believe me, she is not to be trusted."

Adrian suspected her purpose, and passing his arm around her waist, he drew her closer to him, and pressed a passionate kiss upon her lips.

With Blanca the lamp had also been removed, so again the prisoners were left to pass many weary hours waiting in total darkness.

Time seemed to lag so lazily that one hour seemed to them a day. Then, as they listened at Blanca's delay, even before she and her escort had departed, they heard the sound of hurried footsteps above the Marchese's head, for Adrian had ordered the Signorita's return to be made with all possible speed, and in consequence of the Signorita's retirement, the relentless Adrian and the imperious Count Consalvi were left alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELSIE SHAW'S GOLD.

BY FRANCES SHAW BARNES.

Who ever heard of Silas Shaw's money was a subject that had agitated the community of Rockville for years. Many a conjecture as to its location had been given the inquisitive for months, yet failed to throw any light upon the hidden secret. But now, at last, there was a clue was found to work upon. It was shadder with the strength of a giant, in the place from whence I am come, and before I could utter a word of warning, he was on the floor of the cavern, and the flagstone in its place. Then I knew that I was a prisoner, and that the Necromancer had betrayed me.

"Pardon, Signorita," he said, "but I will die! Blanca next said:

"Speak on, Signorita," the priest replied, still appearing to be watching the entrance to the palace.

Tya Ignazia is a mystal dancer, and has sent me to you for aid," the maiden said.

Speak on, signal, in a voice perfectly calm, with increased interest. Tya Ignazia now knows that I am in the power of the Necromancer, and that you are passing that as evil might have befallen him."

Unless you do aid me, I will die!" Blanca next said.

"Speak on, Signorita," the priest replied.

"I will. There is a stone in the pavement behind the altar which, on pressing with a monkey, do you know me distinctly?"

"I do, Signorita."

"Then I will tell you. Hitherto for lack of opportunity, take Pra Girolamo with you to raise the stone, and you will discover a hidden staircase beneath. Follow the subterranean passage to its end, and there at the door you will find fat beneath the church. Have you heard me, Romani?"

"Yes, Signorita. Is there aught else?"

"Only this: that you will find a key at the head of the door. Take it with you, and at a circuitous round, for Fra Girolamo will wait for you at the church door. Then, if you have told your; go to *secretly* and *quickly*, and you will be saved from danger."

"I will obey you, Signorita. The church is not distant, and I will be with you soon. I soon be at his post, and together we will execute your commands."

Then the priest left Ignazia will perform the task, and Blanca and her brother were left secure as to any interruption.

The conversation had been conducted so rapidly that the unfortunate girl had not time to weep, but kept constantly fixed upon the Signorita, looked upon her with wonder and terrified.

Blanca was about rising from her knees when the priest softly detained her.

"Stay, my daughter, for one can be lay by yourself."

"Pardon, I have it with me. I will kiss the stone of the altar, and then I will go and watch the child," she replied.

With consummate tact she did so, and then rising, rejoined her escort, who was already at the door of the sacristy, ready to open it and express his invitation.

The silent corridors were lengthy, Signorita," he said.

"Yes, Signor; yet not so lengthy as they will appear to me," she replied, with a sweet smile, and much for which to give thanks."

The man's face gleamed in the dim, flickering light with wicked glee, as at that moment he was congratulating himself.

Blanca was too justly incensed against the ill-reputed physician, and the false scream which she had uttered, to need protection, to quail beneath Adrian's threatened illness.

"We shall understand each other better by-and-by," he calmly said, when he had retired in vain to intimidate her.

"You mount the altar, Signor," she replied, and with a feeling of exultation she thought of another reckoning which threatened the double-dyed criminal.

"Yes, my beautiful, Signorita. One would have thought that a visit to the cemetery of Santi Apostoli would have given you a fright of terror, but you could have steadied the figures of your tongue."

"Its possible a bit of news from a lover may restore your nerves, Signorita," he insinuatingly continued. "The Marchese told me an hour ago that the gallant young Cupido had arrived in Foggia."

Blanca's face instantly changed. Turning impulsively to her companion, her face aglow with pleasure, she exclaimed, for scorn of Adrian and joyfully exclaimed:

"Signor Cupolino Fogolio! Can this be true?"

"Alas, Signorita," was the reply, delivered in the sneeriest tone of one who holds in reserve a grave secret. "He arrived there with dispatches for the Viceroy, but the Marchese has not informed me of the contents of the papers, and she has therefore assumed one of the Viceroy's private secretaries."

"Then he is not dead!" Blanca thought breathlessly. "Where is Signor Cupello at present?" she asked.

"In the dungeons of San Gregore," said Adrian, with a sneer of a smile.

"It cannot be. The Marchese has not the power to do so. He is a royal subject," she replied.

"The King!" repeated Adrian. "What king?"

"King Ferdinand. What other sovereign can claim the allegiance of Naples?"

"Ferdinand is king no longer. Charles of Europe is now supreme," he said.

"Its false!" cried Blanca, nearly beside herself with excitement. "Ferdinand cannot be dead so suddenly!"

"Not dead, Signorita, softly. Capello will not be released from prison, for he is now the Count's slave, where the noble Cesonia awaits his return."

This quickly recalled to the spells of her strength, and Blanca remembered that though she would have flown—she cared not whither—

Adrian suspected her purpose, and passing his arm around her waist, he drew her closer to him, and pressed a passionate kiss upon her lips.

With Blanca the lamp had also been removed, so again the prisoners were left to pass many weary hours waiting in total darkness.

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"Alas, Signorita," was the reply, delivered in the sneeriest tone of one who holds in reserve a grave secret. "He arrived there with dispatches for the Viceroy, but the Marchese has not informed me of the contents of the papers, and she has therefore assumed one of the Viceroy's private secretaries."

"Then he is not dead!" Blanca thought breathlessly. "Where is Signor Cupello at present?" she asked.

"In the dungeons of San Gregore," said Adrian, with a sneer of a smile.

"It cannot be. The Marchese has not the power to do so. He is a royal subject," she replied.

"The King!" repeated Adrian. "What king?"

"King Ferdinand. What other sovereign can claim the allegiance of Naples?"

"Ferdinand is king no longer. Charles of Europe is now supreme," he said.

"Its false!" cried Blanca, nearly beside herself with excitement. "Ferdinand cannot be dead so suddenly!"

"Not dead, Signorita, softly. Capello will not be released from prison, for he is now the Count's slave, where the noble Cesonia awaits his return."

This quickly recalled to the spells of her strength, and Blanca remembered that though she would have flown—she cared not whither—

Adrian suspected her purpose, and passing his arm around her waist, he drew her closer to him, and pressed a passionate kiss upon her lips.

With Blanca the lamp had also been removed, so again the prisoners were left to pass many weary hours waiting in total darkness.

Time seemed to lag so lazily that one hour seemed to them a day. Then, as they listened at Blanca's delay, even before she and her escort had departed, they heard the sound of hurried footsteps above the Marchese's head, for Adrian had ordered the Signorita's return to be made with all possible speed, and in consequence of the Signorita's retirement, the relentless Adrian and the imperious Count Consalvi were left alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SILAS

MIRIAM'S FAITH.

BY MRS. M. A. RIDDER.

"Why hope any longer?
Why fly to God's face,
By asking for mercy,
And praying for grace?
Why, Miriam, I tell you you know, Myra.
Sinners—are past hope,
And 'tis but to the saints, Myra,
Bread shall be given."

Poor Miriam looked up
From her knees on the floor,
Her cheeks are starving, Rose,
Shake me no more.
There's no flour in the barrel,
No meal in the bin,
I pour my all in tears on,
No matter for sin."

"Poor, fruitless prayer!
But wasting of breath!
There's nothing to hope for now,
Nothing but death!
Why, Miriam, I tell ye brass, Myra,
Had will not be given
Hark'ning on the danger, Myra,
Sinners—are lost in heaven."

"But the children are drooping, Rose,
Dying for bread
And days are not silences, Rose,
Before he's dead."

Let them come unto me,'
Saith the Lord, 'for of such
Of His kingdom is the army
Will come unto me.'
Hark! the lord, welcome knock
Of a friend at the door,
Hark! the brisk, welcome tread
Of a friend on the floor.
Here's bread, and to pray
Here's milk, and to pray;
God's messenger is here,
It answer to prayer!

A DARING GAME;

OR,

Neva's Three Lovers.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON RIVERLY," "THE MYSTERIOUS LEAGUE," "LADY OF ESCALOT," "WILDE LOVE'S SHADOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. BLAKE GETS A NEW IDEA.

As Neva recognized the youngest of her three admirers, she hurried back up the room to Hawkhurst at a leisurely pace, a strange embarrassment seized upon her. The moment had not yet seen her in the twilight and the shadow of shrubbery, and on Neva's return to the drawing-room, Rufus Black found himself alone with the lady of the house, French widow which gave directly upon the marble terrace.

The long-room was in the Moorish style. Artiste cut in a recessed window, silent and unconscious, and Lady Wynde and Cravon Black were in the sensual portion of the tripin arched apartment, completely hidden by the curtains, and their low whispers barely penetrated the ear of Lady Wynde, who, from her fashionable friend's return, came forth, and so for the rest, a dull stupor of indifference to be thought.

A store of wax candles were presently glowing in the room, and a number of guests, and a couple of moon-like lamps dispensed a mellow radiance that penetrated to every corner of the tripin room. The curtains, fluttering in the soft night air, were cut all inside, but Neva admitted she performed air. Craven Black, standing by the window with Lady Wynde, was one of the present, sauntered into the outer room to audit the acquaintance of the young heiress.

He had thought of Neva as an insipid, affected, weak-headed young lady, who would be a mere puppet in his hands and those of Lady Wynde. His surprise may be imagined when he beheld a slender, spirited girl, with a face full of intelligence, and a form full of symmetry, and her dark, pale complexion, full of animation, and her dark piquant face, full of an irresistible charm. Her eyes seemed to speak of bright hope of intelligence, as well as bold and strong in herself, that he was amazed that she could ever have been imposed upon by even his skillfully forged letter.

Neva, who knew that Lady Wynde, "allow me to present to you the Honorable Craven Black," introduced the two with a low voice, and courtesy's pure and graceful.

Neva acknowledged the introduction by a bow of her beautiful head, and a smile so warm and sweet that Craven Black was confounded by it. Any friend of Neva's he had a peculiar claim upon Neva's friendship, and Black resolved to cultivate that the small letter, and coin agreeable little acquaintance with the young lady, and that the letter would be inspired with a liking for him.

Before that had been noted for more than the usual commonplace incident to an introduction, the gentlemen of the party who were accustomed by the footman, and were ushered into the drawing-room.

Sir John Frisbe came first—a tall, stately gentleman, with a face that would have composed a soldier, and a manner full of fashionable courtliness of bearing, and noted throughout Europe for his unswerving integrity.

Mr. Atkins, the attorney, came next, looking more than ordinarily insignificant of person, his bald head shining, his manner fawningly fashionable. He was not fine looking, nor was he graceful, but he had the air and manner of extraordinary power and honesty of character, and many years' experience in the world. Wynde had to register with a genuine affection for the family, and given him, as one might say, a general welcome to the premises.

Lastly, and because he preferred to come last, was Lord Tawyn, an handsome man and a fair knight of chivalry, his golden hair tossed back from his noble forehead, his eyes full of chivalry, and a warm smile playing about his lips as he entered the room.

Neva received them all graciously, and welcomed them all in turn with hand-shakings and courtesy, and when Lord Tawyn imprinted the blanks, father and son, to the new-comers.

"This is Miriam's favorite guy, Miss Neva," said Sir John Frisbe, leading his young favorite up to the lovely mistress of the house.

Lord Tawyn and Mr. Atkins have been favorites of Miriam's for years, and I would be false to the ties of youth and friendship, but it is our business to spare you these details, and it is your province to judge of the motives of all born," and he smiled paternally upon her. "We are come to welcome you back to the home of your fathers, and to express the hope that you will fill worthily the place your dear father has resigned to you."

"Yes, and I'm here in papa's steps," so turned Neva, with a genial gravity.

"Lady Frisbe and myself will call upon you soon—I've said Sir John. "There are their love to you, and would have come today, but that I wished them to allow you a day to rest in after your journey. You will be immediately at Wyndham Hall, the old seat of Hawkhurst, will not be permitted to hide herself in solitude. Lady Frisbe has already projected an end of fêtes, balls and dinners in honor of your return, and I suppose as our young Lord Tawyn is to spend a month with us, so that you will not lack an escort, should one desire it."

"Yes, aw very thoughtful, Sir John," said Lady Wynde, with a sort of the lip. "Miss Wynde, however, can never lack for an escort. I fancied, when I say you three gentlemen enter in such formidable array, that some friendly call was intended, and so I have ventured to have the house looked but their coming with official suggestions as to the management of the household, or to discuss the matter of pin-money."

"All that is settled by Sir Harold's will," said Mr. Atkins quietly. "The Baroness was very explicit in his directions, and assigned to Miss Wynde an extraordinary liberal allowance until she comes of age, when of course she comes into full possession of her magnificent revenues. Your residence at Hawkhurst was also provided for, Lady Wynde, with a very handsome allowance in recognition of your services to Miss Wynde as friend and chaperon."

"And are we compelled to remain at Hawkhurst, whether we will or no?" demanded the Baroness's widow.

"Certainly not," replied Atkins. "You and Miss Wynde are free to reside where you please, but it is natural to suppose you will prefer for a stated residence the seat of the family grandeur."

Lady Wynde made no reply, but her glitter-ing eyes spoke volumes to her lady.

The visitors, while courteous to her lady-ship, had in the large share of their attention upon the young heiress to whom their visit was directed, and Neva, who had not make but a long call, and the time flew by as if on wings. Neva talked with the old Sir Churchill grace or gravity, as the subject rendered befitting, and at Sir John's request played and sang for him. Lord Tawyn leaned over the piano, turning the music leaves, a rapt expression on his face, and there was no one present, save Neva, who failed to see that he was already the lover of the beautiful young heiress.

Craven Black regnawed the fact with an animal jealousy. He said to himself with a furious bitterness as he watched the young Lady's had been ruined for the sake of Neva Wynde, and he would not be cheated out of the fortune and bride by a young fop.

Craven Black sat apart, his forehead shaded by his hand, his face partly obscuring the glowing loveliness of Neva's face. He was a well-read, liberal, observing man of taste of honor and delicacy, even to the point of honor and delicacy, even to the point of honor, but he was terribly in earnest for his love, as had there, he concreted Neva's spirited and daring nature, her fine intellect and lofty charms of Lady Wynde, and strange thoughts and hopes awoke within his breast.

My fate is not so settled as to be irrevocable," he thought within himself, as he watched with the light before. I forgot that letter. Lady's had been ruined for the sake of Neva Wynde, and he would not be cheated out of the fortune and bride by a young fop.

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GREEN TYPES AND SHADOWS.

BY ESBEL LYNE.

Within the worship of this third day's work,
By a mighty hand written wise and good,
I find my type of our human lives
In the humble leafs, by the lonely wood,
Which are ever green in the winter time.
In the coldest life of the bravest soul,
From the icy seat of the thistle-down,
To the feathered crest of the forest fir,

The ARMY! Over the Autumn hills
Are the scarlet ranks of the proud old corps;
You wintry palms, with uplifted plume,
Are the sentries true of the mountain snow.
How, ever eternal desert waiting,
The cruel spears of the cactus rise;
There, from delay by the brooklet side,
With a banner hole in the summer skies.

The NAVY! See you yon flowery flock,
With keel and deck made of petalled snow,
Which sailed from the sea of the summer time,
Pushed green anew, to discover lands
For the slender spars of the bulrush wear,
Dipping grave and slow to the ocean tide,
And the sea-weed tatter its tinted chart
On the rugged rocks of the tide-girt shore.

The CHURCH! Look up! In the Gothic arch
Of the cathedral aisle, in the solemn dusk,
Look down, where the sunlight streams
In his scarlet robe by the brooklet there,
The vine wreaths ever her marge o'er,
His mystic blood in her chalice is—
Who is this priest with the golden cowl,
The forms of the vestal virgins bow?

The DOCTOR! Here, in the grassy brow,
And wherever the lichen the mosses cover,
The cool soft fringe of the poppy's robe
Presses low, and there is blessing for.
Under sunshine's cadenced rebuke,
And the tender tear of the midnight dew,
And the balm of timed bulb in rain
To the fevered lip, or the couch of pain.

The LAWYERS! Ah, some pointers they,
With a silver side under every leaf,
Or pagrine coiled by the yellow fern;
For a stylus fit, or modern "pen,"
Or the quill that the wild goose grass bath
Of the short tender in the blooming green,
While the harvest waits to the sickle speaks
Of the waiting field to be reaped for bread.

Poets! The cadence of sounding pines;
Painters! The flush of the sunset sky;
Singers! The fragrant jeans of the flowers,
And the wild bird's song in the trees,
And this I find fancy-tinted types
In the throbbing life of the leaves safe,
From the cradled blossom beneath the bough,
To the nodding plume of the mountain fir.

MARRIED IN LEAP-YEAR.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Five and fifty years," said Squire Dockwesky meditatively, shaking the ashes out of his pipe. "Five and fifty years. A man ain't likely to be married, I guess, when he's lived satisfied with a single lot all them years."

Strangers things have been known to happen, Uncle Dockwesky," said Ferdinand Appleby, who was a handsome college boy of nineteen or thereabouts.

"Well, I'll bless how parties, I guess," opined the Squire.

"Well, but, Uncle, things are so different from what they used to be," persisted Ferdinand. "You see, there never has been a period before, when Women's Rights were in the ascendant as they are now."

"I don't see how that affects my particular case," said Squire Dockwesky. "I ain't a woman."

"Ah, but you don't comprehend the importance of the danger," said Ferdinand solemnly.

"Eh?" said the Squire.

"Why, I mean that Miss Jenkyns living next door, and a leap-year to boot," added Young Appley, mesmerically enjoying his relative's growing consternation.

"But you don't s'pose—"

"I suppose nothing," interrupted Ferdinand. "I only put the case problematically, just to convince you or, else, that I can't be too careful."

"I s'pose" said the Squire, uneasily drawing a huge vellow silk pocket handkerchief across his brow, "you can't scare me with your college nonsense, Nevy. I was married to Betsy Ann Smith, and known as a blessed man's holiday," when Satan sounded a call on the cracks of the door.

"Come in," said the Squire, and a tall form entered, clad in sober black, with a bonnet of many bombazine trimmed with a huge jet buckle.

"Good-evenin' t'ye, Miss Arimathea," said the Squire a little tremulously, as he was accustomed to do when he met his opposite neighbor. "Had your cold o' mine been taken through your pickets agin? I declare to goodness I've a good mind to sue him!"

"Isn't that, Squire, thank you kindly," was the answer.

"Set down, set down" said Mr. Dockwesky. "Bless me, what a cold you've got, Miss Arimathea! Ain't it bad, though?"

"Sooth" said Miss Arimathea, "the rheumatic is trying to weak lungs; but I called on business, Squire."

"I knew it was the cold," said the Squire, disconsolately.

"But it ain't the cold," said Miss Jenkyns. "It's myself, Squire."

"Oh!" said the gentleman on his visitant, "to take advantage of the right accorded to parties of the year, and—and—in short, Nevy?"

Mr. Dockwesky moved his chair a little back, but Miss Arimathea anticipated the movement by sinking theatrically on one knee before him.

"Joshua, will you be mine?" she entreated in a voice which had once been either a sob, or a sneeze.

"I'll rather not," said the Squire, hitching his chair back a little further still.

"Joshua! would you break my heart?"

"I guess I'll settle on all hats," said the Squire uneasily.

"Are you, Miss Jenkyns Dockwerthy—I have lost all claim on her years"—stammered the poor Ferdinand.

"Are you, Squire Dockwesky—Sir, are you will to add to your—to a good cook, Joshua? I'm a master hand with pom's shirts, and everybody knows that a parlor isn't a place without a woman to stick it in."

"I know," said the Squire, "but—"

Miss Arimathea rose to her feet and flung her arms around the Squire's neck.

"Joshua! Joshua! you will say Yes!"

There was a rattling at the door-latch of the room beyond. Then to give ourselves as the possibility of Ferdinand Appleby breaking in upon this unexpected, if delightful scene, we hasten.

"Come, your arms away," said the Squire peevishly. "There's a dear girl!"

"Not until you speak the word that is to seal my future bliss," persisted Miss Jenkyns, letting the bonnet-brown boot drop on his shoulder.

"Quick," gasped our hero: "there's some one coming."

"Yes, Ike, then, dearest Joshua," said the lady in a lower manner. They paused silent and in the dark.

"Yes" gasped the Squire, breaking into a clumsy perspiration all over—"yes, yes. Only go!"

Miss Arimathea Jenkyns only paused for a parting pressure of her lips to her married lover's brow; and he heard her step with the rustling of sombre draperies, while on the other side of the door, the harrowing sound of footsteps passed by without any one entering.

"Thank goodness for that!" said Mr. Dockwerthy to himself; if that young rascal Ferdinand has been in the house—But what, what has become of Ferdinand?" he added, starting himself to meet the latter. "Ferdinand, I say!" Ferdinand, I say! I better go home; perhaps it is over. When will Ferdinand say? I wonder if I couldn't go to China or California or Japan, or some of those far-away places? Or, perhaps, I might be taken sick and never get to know the pews—"

And Squire Dockwerthy smote his two hands despairingly on the table and put his head down between them, reflected on the futility of any respectable state of matrimony for old silliness of leap-year.

But, as he was not present and future, he could not help thinking that many a man, in the same position, would be more than Miss Arimathea Jenkyns. She was not young to be sure, but neither was he; and she was fair, fresh and respectable; she comprised, actually in the compass of her person, and she was just the element that is needed to brighten up the solitary old farm-house.

"It ain't a bad idea," said the Squire to himself; "but I must wish she hadn't been so confounded fond of me. I'll be hanged if she ain't, for all I know, a-listening at the keyhole!"

Here Ferdinand Appleby, who had been leap-year in leap-year, and I don't suppose

we ought to blame the women for takin' whatever advantages the law allows 'em. I won't say neither that I wouldn't do the same by them in the course of the several.

"Ferdinand, you was as good as his word. Miss Arimathea Jenkyns' thanksgivin' turkey was hardly washed up, the next day, when she walked in.

How pretty she looked, like a full-blossomed cabbage-rose, or a dahlia, or any such-a-sort of bloom, in the neat black gingham gown and white apron, with the bunch of keys at the side of the kitchen sash. Not a grey hair to be seen in her smooth brown curls, and her cheek as rosy as a pippin.

"Well Arimathea," said the Squire, a little nervously.

"Well, Squire," said Miss Jenkyns, with a pretty courtesy, "I've come to ask you to step and hang it on a nail at the corner of the parlor."

"I've come to talk that there little matter over with you."

"What little matter?"

"Why, about our being married."

Miss Arimathea dropped the silk-apron half untied, and stared at the Squire with unspeaking blue eyes.

"My sakes alive!" she ejaculated, "who's been a-telling you that I should say Yes, if I asked me yes, and I didn't say Yes?"

"Nobody told me that I should say Yes," said the Squire; "but you asked me," and the Squire beamed.

"Who has been a-telling you that I should say Yes?"

"Why, you—haven't you?"

"Squire Dockwerthy, are you crazy?" demanded Miss Jenkyns with unspeakable indignation.

"Yes: last night. Don't you remember? Last night! Why, you—you—you've been here, and spent the evening, and—and I kissed you, and you kissed me, and if I had, it don't look right for you to come a-morning and say your bonnet to ask you to marry me, I declare!"

"Well, then," said the Squire, "look here, it's a trick of that rascal Ferdinand's and his college ways!"

"It's a mean trick enough," said Miss Jenkyns, who looked very much inclined to cry and scold and shining over.

"Ferdinand was always full, he was more disappointed than he cared to own.

"Don't you?" said Miss Jenkyns, laughing and coloring. "I do suppose—that is, if you wished to marry me."

"Well, then," said the Squire, "look here, Arimathea—we'll be even with Ferdinand yet!"

And when the young collegian heard that Squire Dockwerthy and Miss Jenkyns, the bachelor pair, were to be diminished by the marriage of their elderly selves, he was more dismayed than he cared to own.

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"I am very sorry to be married, uncle," he gasped at last.

"I'm glad of it, and truly."

"And what on earth has put it into your head?"

Leap-year, I think," said the Squire, with a sober twinkle in his eyes, which revealed to Ferdinand that his mind had selected the trick.

THE DUMB LOVER.

The following is a true story. Scrap-book copied from a French letter of long ago:

At the time when the Duke of Penthievre was taken prisoner at the battle of Dreux, one of his officers, the Baron Chevalier Bourregard, spoiled by the absence of an Italian lady, of the first family, named Aurelia, determined to her his mistress. Aurelia, flattered by the declaration of the gallant soldier, refused his suit on account of the levity of the French character, and the natural indifference of the men to the sex. Bourregard vowed to be just and faithful to her, and to prove it by the sacrifice of his loved hair to be presented to her as a token of his devotion. Aurelia refused she might think proper. Aurelia refused, but, overcome by the importunity and engaged to marry him if, for the space of six months, he would remain utterly and entirely dumb.

The Chevalier promised, and then, with a silent bow, withdrew from the lady's presence. From that moment he opened not his lips with the sound of human speech. He returned to Paris, where his friends and relatives were overtaken with sorrow at the sorrowful infirmity which had fallen upon him. He had been a voice remarkable for its sweetness. Bourregard expressed all his wants by signs, and by signs only, smiled. The best physicians were sent for, but he refused to see them.

The captive King was at length set free, and restored to his people; but his joy on this occasion was diminished by the sad misfortune which had befallen the Chevalier, who had been the monarch's chief favorite. Francis sent his best doctors to the stricken soldier, who, out of respect for his royal master, received the medicines presented to him, no effect. The King even went so far as to order the chevalier and his wife to appear before him, he, now, professed to hold speech with no one.

They appeared, and great was the sorrow. The court and the people lost because of his curse, when a fair Italian maiden, promising to be a fortune-teller, announced that she would undertake to restore the Chevalier to speech. The King, who was willing to try anything, consented. The enamored Bourregard was overjoyed, and told him that a physician had come who promised to cure him; but the Chevalier bowed low in silent discredit. The King nodded to the fair stranger, and asked her what she would do.

"Encouraged, my friend, and prohibited," she said, turning to the Chevalier, "the cause no longer exists."

The Chevalier instantly recognized his beloved Aurelia, who had truly loved him, and whose heart had been deeply touched by the proof of his constancy and devotion, and he embraced her in the presence of the court.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ESTHER SAYS: "I have often read your 'Notices to Correspondents,' and have never seen any advice to a correspondent similar to my case. I have written to a gentleman since the one only in the month of May, and have received no answer to it. I have not intruded upon him, but, considering the circumstances, I think I have a right to know, at the end of two years, and each time he comes to see me, he promises to write, and that he has letters for me, but he has not yet given them to me. I cannot understand it, and I do not like to be treated in this way. He has left, he first said, for a few days, but he has been away for two years, and I do not know whether he is married or not, and what made it worse, every one was astonished at his leaving me as he did. He left me when he had gone, and I was not told. I do not write to him, but I have written to his mother, and she has answered me, and never wrote me one word about him. I do not like to write to him, but I do not like to be treated in this way. I have been true to him, and he has told me again and again that he loved me, and now I am left in this way. I had him honestly and truly for me. I am twenty-two years of age, and he is twenty-four. I am perfectly willing to marry him, and am content to live with my parents, still and as a friend, to which I do not object, but I do not like to be treated in this way. I cannot understand it, but my friends have seen all of it. I, who speak much his appearance, apologized for his leaving me as he did, and said he could not help it. I do not like to write to him, and I do not like to be treated in this way. I have been true to him, and he has been true to me. I am